

# Hudibras.

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THE  
Second Part.

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*The last Edition Corrected.*

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L O N D O N,  
Printed in the Year,  
1 6 6 3.

Huddibras.

THE

Second Part.

The first Edition corrected.

JOHN MASON

Printed in the Year



## *The first Canto.*

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### *Argument.*

*We sing no further oth' disputes  
Twixt Knight, and Squire, nor their confutes ;  
Nor how by Puissant trick, or Chance,  
From Chanted Castle they advance ;  
Since skill'd Magicians know as well  
How to undo, as make the spell :  
Nor yet of Talgol, Bruin, Orson,  
Whom Writers say was but a Whorson ;  
But Hudibras more strange adventures,  
That hitherto have hung on Tenters.*

B

*The*

## The second Part

### The May-pole.

**I**T happened at the time when *Oysters*  
 'Gan loose their *Operative* moystures,  
 When *Sol* with *heat* did fill his *Car*,  
 And that the *Month* did want an *R*.  
 Which was before, or *June*, or *July*,  
 When Country *Placquets* grow *unruly* :  
 For, as the *Wise* say, in *August*  
 If *One* won't do't, another must.  
 When *Cherries* hardly ripen'd, Nod,  
 And *Children* for 'em venture *Rod* ;  
 When Mother *Nature* doth disperse  
 Her *help* to *Man*, (that *Universe*)  
 When fresh *blood* empty *veins* supply,  
 Which suffer'd by *Phlebotomy* ;  
 That *he* who can the *Hill* get o're,  
 In hope to *live* is, scarce before,

When



When *Midwife Flora's* newly seen  
 In Meadows gay, and Gardens green,  
 The *Pink*, the *Primrose*, *Tulip*, -flower,  
 (*Off-springs* of a *quondam* showre,)  
 With *Lilly*, *Violet*, and *Dazy*,  
 The *Merry-milk* pales deck, which praise I,  
 When *Barnes* are freed from *Mice* and *Rats*,  
 By *Madam Owle*, better then *Cats*;  
 When with a *Garland* to be Crown'd,  
 The *sweaty* hoofs do teare the ground;  
 And *Fidilero* and *Pipero*  
 In every Village peep, and peere ho!  
 When *Mortals* feed on *Sage* and *Butter*,  
 Drink *Whay* by *quarts* to make 'em squitt,  
 And for the *Ladies* of the *season*,  
 Prepared are *green Cheese* and *Peason*,  
 With *Macquerels* brought up in *Shoals*,  
*Colon* to fill of hungry *soules*;  
 And *Silla-bub*, with *lip-lov'd Tanzy*  
 For *Roger*, is prepar'd by *Nancy*.

When, as in *Landships* we discover  
 In every *shade*, a *lolling* Lover,  
 With *head* on *lap*, of *female* wight,  
*Hand* underneath her *garment* white,  
 And she *turns up* her *womanhood*,  
 Whil'st *Pego* forrages for *food*;  
 And *Surgeons* put up in *sheath*  
 Cleans'd *syringes* for *fall* of *leaf*:  
 At the same time I must not vary,  
*Jack* met with *Gill*, and *Mit* with *Mary*;  
 Which was soon after, (as 'tis said)  
*Mars* had laid by his *Tool*, and *Trade*,  
 And *All* was ready to bring in  
 The *Maid* with dimpled *Cheeks*, and *Chin*:  
 When that the people might be free  
 T' enjoy their (*Juggl'd*) *liberty*,  
 As then the *Bells* at *Westminster*  
 Did clapper-claw the *Countrys* ear;  
 And ev'ry creeping *thing* on *earth*  
 From *Cricket* did incline to *mirth*;

Nay,

Nay, th' grand *Hectorian-Olivero*  
 Left *Ranting*, and fell to *Primer*,  
 A *Game*, he had long study'd, but  
 As some do say, was hard put to't,  
 For others knew't as well as he,  
 And stick'd for the *Mastery*,  
 All *Hectors* of his only breeding,  
 For they could pray, and lie exceeding.  
 And such as now remain, do claim  
 From *those* the *vigour* of that *Name* :  
 And follow all their wayes of *Plunder*,  
 Only to hear, *they pray*, is wonder ;  
 But for their lying are expert ,  
 And *swearing* they have got by heart ;  
 There let it lie, like fatal dagger  
 In peaceful sheath, until they swagger.  
 And now to what we were about,  
 Which all this while we have left out,  
 A jolly crew of *Lads* well fitted,  
 And *Buxome* Lasses, *Mother* witty'd,

Met on a day, no matter what,  
 In the same month it was, that's flat;  
 And that it might not loose its Name,  
 They all prepared were for Game;  
 Which though the learned could not scan  
 To be th' Isthmean, or Nemean,  
 Yet it a title had, and good,  
 For, Hocktide, may be understood;  
 And doth as cleer construction carry  
 As Bess take Tom, and Joan take Harry;  
 Or Tom take Bess, and Harry Joane  
 Leap over sword, and it is done;  
 So the Inducted Market place  
 Clapt up at once, two Babes of Grace  
 Which never Issue had, but what  
 The Peacefull---Justice---Parson got,  
 For they all Functions did supply,  
 And into every hole could pry,  
 Had an Instinctive Art to Strole  
 If that the she-beast were with sole.

Were

Were the *State* Midwives, and could strain,  
 More then could Doctor *Chamberlain*;  
 Though he could dip, and pray, and preach,  
 And fiery-pated Squibb did teach,  
 Until he grew as quaint as he  
 In their *Occult* Idolatry.  
 And't may be now and then could bite  
 The Buttock of a Profolite.  
 But what was this? a Game at *Whist*,  
 Unto our *Plowden*-Canonist,  
 Bewitcht into a power, by some  
 That ner'e lov'd *Kent* nor Christendome,  
 And hating all things Orthodox  
 Did send Religion to the Stocks.  
 In *Church* refus'd to take the pains,  
 But in the streets would ask the Banes,  
 And *Ceremonies*, long'd allow'd,  
 Laid by, when they grew Pint---proud,  
 That *Master* Justice was declar'd  
 The *Vicar* to *Dog* and *Bitch*-yard,

Which brought in Tythes as fast as Hops,  
*Cerberus* must be fed with *Sops*;  
And as the *Ancients* have defin'd,  
So these were duly paid, in kind,  
Without a Suit in the Exchequer,  
Complaining they to *Nell* were Debtor.  
They took a surer course and way,  
*Peter* knew how to make 'em pay,  
And thus these holy men of Orders  
Did serk the fry of *Sedome Borders* :  
Though *Tom* want Tool, and *Nell* a Nose,  
Yet reconcil'd are in the Close.  
There let 'em stink, to sweeten (then)  
My lines, pray whistle to my Pen;  
To minde me of the former matter,  
Though not Incongruent to the latter.  
Then first to shew you what they were  
That met, observe each Character,  
For, it is requisite we strow  
The way with flowers as they go :

*Bush-*

of Hudibras.

9

*Bushero* height the *Twisters* led,  
To whom he was both *Cap*, and *Head*,  
For *Neatness* he was held the best,  
Good reason, he could *Trim* the rest.  
And in his *Calling* was so rare,  
He fitted 'em unto a hair;  
And er'e they for their *Progress* met  
Had given his *Shirt* the *Somerset*;  
(A *Tumbling* word, and used much  
By Men, Professors to be such:)  
In all things he was *Cap a pe*,  
Only his *Hose* was out at knee,  
And doublet-elbow wanted clout,  
But there, you know, love will break out,  
And therefore time is vainly spent  
To patch up what must needs be rent:  
If any ding'd him on the lip,  
With that, quoth he, you may go snip:  
Of person he was sometime squat,  
With Ribbons Hat-ban-neding Hat,

He

He had some judgment in the Gyttern,  
And *Master* was of *Kitt* and *Cyttern* ;  
Which *Cythere* sung to first,  
When she her God-babe *Cupid* nurs't.  
To follow him did *Shanco* roame  
From *ladies* service newly come ;  
As finical for life as he,  
If that Comparisons may be !  
Was drest with Muffe and Pantaloon,  
And in Pocketto silver Spoon,  
Which slept secure, till Cream and Cake  
Did waken it, for Masters sake :  
He was of person pleasing Tall,  
As streight as Wand, but slimm withall ;  
He walk'd as though he trod on Eggs ;  
And Cat-sticks were suppos'd his Legs :  
His body burthen'd was with points,  
Which ty'd together all his Joynts ;  
His eyes and legs kept time together,  
They danc'd, & mov'd you'd wonder whither  
Such



Such as ne're understood the firk  
Took him for piece of dutch Clockwork;  
He was the least beholding to  
The flesh, of any man you know.  
Though he to it was *mainly* given,  
With him it ner'e made Reck'ning even;  
Perhaps it may by some be thought  
He had as good return'd, as brought:  
But in *that* Sense there's Nicity,  
Which in this must avoided be,  
Only it is confest he was  
His Ladies *Limbeck*; his own *Afs*.  
In breech of him, *Butlero* came,  
With *Coquo*, eager for the Game.  
*Butlero* did in Napkin neat  
Bring salt, and bread, and *Coquo* meat:  
The one Comptroller was oth' Bin,  
The other of the good Kitchin;  
The only Over-ruling Pair  
That had to do below the stair:

The

The one the merry Bottles brought;  
 T'other with Limbs of Capons fraught.  
 Which newly had (without denial)  
 On Gridiron past the fiery Tryal,  
 The Parties equal-parted were,  
 Each did of eithers office share,  
 So Lawyers ner'e fall out for fee  
 Among themselves, *ka me, ka thee.*  
*Butler*o may be thought of Kin  
 To him that plaid oth' Vyolin;  
 And famous was for Clownery,  
 Which City-wits call Drollery:  
 He could *Arthur* of *Bradley* do,  
 The Country-man, and Courtier too,  
 And had an insight in the City,  
 Inspir'd by those that then were witty;  
 From whom the thrifty-Poet steals,  
 To furnish *Beardw* ——— for his Meals.  
 Ours plaid to what he could not sing.  
 An Instrument without a string;

But

But let me not his judgement wrong,  
 The Tool did carry with't a Tongue;  
 And by the Hebrewes was allow'd,  
 As well as *Cymbal*, or the *Crowd*;  
 And by *Amphion* play'd upon,  
 If ever he did play on One:  
 Now our *Butlero* in good Sooth  
 Could play on two from hand to mouth.  
*Coquo* the Tongs could finger well,  
 And had a Key for what I tell,  
 Th' Invention was no easie Task,  
 It took its birth from the *Crاند Mask* :  
 The Teacher had the happy fate  
 To live in Street call'd *Bishopsgate*,  
 And pity 'twas (he did so thrive)  
 He had not left his like alive.  
 Thus they to please their Lasses do  
 Bring hither Meat, and Musick too:  
 These were the Heads, and now advances  
 The Gathers, or th' appurtenances.

The

The first with hand, or tongue could sway  
 The pamper'd *Jades of Asia*,  
 I mean not *Tamberlaine's* the Great,  
 Nor he that fell out of his Seat,  
 But Masters *Hie*, of better blood,  
 That fed not upon others food.  
*Sartoro* brisk as body-lowse  
 Forsook his Stall, annex to house,  
 And though he was not worth a Dodkin,  
 Wenches call'd him their standing-Bodkin.  
*Trituratore* good at Flayl,  
 As *Orsin* erst at Staffe and Tayl,  
 His skill in that did keep him safe,  
 He Could distinguish Corn from Chaffe.

Then *Molindario* furl'd up Sayl,  
 The scornful Wind had turned Tayl,  
 H' was held a Man of judgement strong,  
 Or else his Neighbours did him wrong;  
 He could into a Mill-stone see,  
 As far ('tis said) as any *Hee*.

*Lanio,*

*Lanio* and *Tergoncer* ally'd,  
 As Calf to Cow, or Skin to Hide,  
 Were next enranck'd; *Pistoro* stout  
 As ever Crap-tree threw about,  
 Not far behind; his legs were small,  
 But sure as Bandy at the Ball,  
 The Ancient Poet *Heywood* draws  
 From Ancestors of These his Laws  
 Of *Dramma*, to fill up each Scen  
 With Souldiers good, to please *Plebe'ne*,  
 And in those famous Stories told  
 The *Grecian* Warrs, and *Beauchamps* bold.  
 At distance some, *Thatchers* came,  
 Approved Martial to the Game,  
 In one hand *Dudgeon-knife* he bore,  
 The other *Gantlet-Mittin* wore,  
 The *Hyroglyphick* of bad *Musick*  
 Did follow him, which made me *Spue.sick*;  
 Yet the belov'd malicious noyse  
 Attracted had whole scores of Boyes

Armed

Armed with Clubs and hideous sounds,  
 As when they go to view the bounds  
 Of Parish theirs, Or as I've known  
 The Pan-cake Prentices come down  
 On Fritter-day, *Vice* to abolish,  
 And *Reverend-Matron-Baud* demollish.  
 Then with Majestick pace came on  
*Cartero*, like *Diego-Don*,  
 Whistling forth Rhetorick to the Beast, his,  
 Which drew, of this discourse, the *Thesis*,  
 In Wagon, *Anglice*, Dung-Cart,  
 Lay Pole so good, cut out by Art,  
 And ornamented with no less  
 Then Ribbons given by *Doll*, and *Bess*,  
 And others of the Fairy-crew,  
 Of Colours red, white, black, and blew,  
 Yellow, cinnamon, and green,  
 Here, and there, Nose-gay between,  
 Likewise many a Wedding Garter,  
 Tickling Lasses into laughter,

For

For the *Thing* above the knee  
 Seldome's seen, though felt it be:  
 But no more of this, 'tis fit  
 That hereafter come not yet.  
 On either side this early Triumph  
 Attended, *Tony*, *Row*- and *Rj-Umph*-  
*Somgeldero Ratcatchero*,  
*Cum multis aliis*, saus fear ho!  
 Th' Lasses, like *Diane's* Troopers,  
 Came ith' Rear with Main and Cruppers:  
*Meg*, and *Kate*, and *Doll*, and *Joan*,  
 Buxome Lasses every one;  
 With *Peg*, and *Lett*. and *Luce*, and *Betty*,  
 For her face and foot call'd pretty;  
*Moll*, and *Sall*, and *Nan*, and *Frank*,  
 Wenches free, and fat ith' flank:  
 On *Agnes Eve* they'd strictly fast,  
 And dream of those had kist 'em fast;  
 Or *St. Quintins* watch all Night,  
 With Smock hung up, for Lovers fight:

C

Some

Some of the Lawndry were (no flasing)  
That would not give their heads for washing;  
Others oth' Chamber, and the Dairy,  
All kept their *Arms* free from the *Fairy* :  
Thus they pass through Market-place,  
And to Town-green hye apace,  
Highly fam'd for *Hookide Games*,  
*Tclip'd Kingston super Thames*,  
Where Sir *Hudibras*, invited  
To dinner was, but newly lighted :  
Quoth he to self, I had before  
A Stomack good, *this* stirs it more;  
Ha! I best charge 'em before dinner ?  
No, quoth he, as I'm a Sinner :  
Let 'em wait till I do come,  
Charity begins at home :  
Serve self first, the Commonweal  
May stay till I have made my Meal.  
And so he enters House, while Ront  
To set up May-pole went about.



The Lasses too put helping hand  
To make the merry business stand.  
There let 'em rest a while, and now  
To Hudibras the great kill-Cow,  
Who having on the Creature fed,  
And drank far more then he had bled,  
He in a fury flung from Table,  
And bid his Man fetch Steed from Stable:  
Some business of the State, quoth he,  
Doth retrograde to Manners me:  
However Friend, and Cosen Narsy,  
For entertainment God-a-mercy-  
But er'e I go, a word or two  
With you Bro. Knight, and eke with you;  
For pairs of Sirs, there werē in fight,  
That had but little maw to fight;  
Of Stomacks good, and had been able  
To serve King *Arthur* at his Table.  
One did Command the *Cheshire* Forces,  
And had a face as Round as Horses;

His teeth were grown to the same length;  
 And wanted nothing but in strength  
 To passe for one; Beasts know not theirs;  
 And he was robb'd of his by fears;  
 His Name did Rumble like to Thun-  
 Der *Guilielmo* Knight Sir B--ton.  
 The other was of last Edition,  
 A Justice too upon Petition:  
 He pretty well could understand  
 The Penial Laws at second hand,  
 For he a Clerk had that might pass  
 For an Intelligible Ass;  
 After Sir *Hud.* discovered had  
 By Whispers Consequences bad,  
 To Brother Knights; they streight Array  
 Themselves, and Horses, and away:  
 Each trusty Twible ties to side,  
 Fwy Conducter was and Guide,  
 They Course on with might and main,  
 Till they came in sight of Train,

Who

Who had newly fixt their Pole,  
Which vext 'em to their very soul,  
Round about it some were frisking,  
Others on the Grass as brisking;  
Most in Mirth, set hand to labour,  
Tongs, and Gridiron, Trump, and Tabor,  
Cytern, with a Voice as lewd,  
Rhimes too were but lately stewd  
In Brain-pan, and set to Tune  
The Cuckow rants in May and June,  
For Lovers sake: while thus they sport,  
Sir Hudibras does call a Court  
Consisting of three Knights, three Squires,  
That long before had left their Sirs,  
To seek Adventures, and attended  
The Sequel now, which is not ended.  
Quoth Hudibras, what's best to do?  
Six heads is better far then two.  
The Romans did more glory gain,  
By living Citizens, then slain,

And brave *Cynus* with a word  
 Did Conquer more then *Perbus* Sword.  
 Shall we with smooth Caresses go  
 And soften flinty hearted foe?  
 Or if then bow, h'ad rather break,  
 Desie 'em, and not poorly sneak?  
 But try what fortune will allow  
 To edge of Sword, and potent blow;  
 For Points in fights Knight-Errantry  
 Were still rebated, that you'l see  
 In Writs of yore; let rumours cease  
 Dissention breeds, I'm of the Peace  
 Quoth Justice then, and of the Town,  
 Else I'd not value a crackt Crown  
 More then pins head; I think it meet  
 VVith wisdoms lore the crew to greet;  
 The safer weapon of the two  
 And will not make so much ado.  
 Then quoth Sir *Hudibras* Ile spare  
 Your braines the labour to enslave  
 Their

Their wits and wills, quoth then Sir *Guill*---  
VVere my Troop here I'd not stand still,  
Courage quoth *Hudibras*, and now  
VVit shew thy self, or weapon, thou;  
Then *Cicero* my tongue adapt  
Or strengthen arm thou mighty Capt---  
So on they jog, and with an eye  
VVell read in modern Policy  
The numerous crew they do behold  
VVith patience strong and courage bold,  
And soon Sir *Hud.* doth them accost  
But all in vain, his labours lost,  
He moves to them with sober speech,  
And strokes his beard while they turn breech;  
Quoth he, you Males, for to the Shees,  
Ile offer nothing shall displease,  
How durst you set up (*Says* advice)  
A *May-pole* of ungodly fize  
For height it may amaze the people,  
And streighter is then *Grantham* Steeple;

Which States-men do conclude upon  
 Might-ferk the whore of *Babylon*;  
 Have you to scour a scurvy Cliffe  
 Brought Gyants Tool from *Teneriffe*  
*Ossa* or *Pelion*? No, quoth *Tergo*,  
 'Tis for the Sisters, *Ruth* and *Pergo*,  
 And such as follow Conventicle,  
 No Brother has a Tool so mickle;  
*Monstra morendum* quoth Sir *Hud*—  
 What are you men of flesh, or Wood?  
 Will you in spite of Ordinance,  
 A whorish *Stallion* thus advance?  
 Where are you Scences, pray look to't;  
 Have we not struck at Branch and Root?  
 And ta'ne the Smock from off the Whore,  
 Yet will you aggravate us more?  
 Quoth *Lanio*, hence thou Weasel, Rat,  
 That scarce dar'st look in face a Cat;  
 Who sent for thee? what mak'st thou here?  
 And these thy Chitterlings so neer?

Whence

Whence com'st thou, from what nasty Sink  
 Didst thou creep forth, to prate and stink?  
 Depart in peace, or by this Truncheon,  
 Thy Beastly back I'll raise a Bunch on,  
 Bigger then that thou bear'st, ner'e grudge it,  
 'T shall taken be for Tinkers Budget,  
 Can Nature Monsters such afford,  
 That will not hear from Man a word?  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, more deaf then Adder  
 To common Sense, to make me madder?  
 And in the face of Justice too!  
 Sword keep to me, as I'll to you.  
 Quoth then Sir *Jus.* my Brothers both,  
 To aggravate the Case I'm loth,  
 Because these all my Neighbours are,  
 And you my worthy friends, and dear;  
 An even hand I mean to carry,  
 In weighty matters must be wary.  
 He spit, and then he spake quoth he,  
 My Friends, as many as there be,

I hope it is no bad advice,  
 To bid all be merry and wise;  
 I need no farther learning borrow,  
 Then sawcy mirth will bring on sorrow:  
 And though for number we seem fools,  
 'Tis dangerous meddling with edge tools:  
 And here are mighty Men and strong,  
 Whose Acts are in the Army sung.  
 Root up your Pole, remove it hence,  
 And let your own homes be your fence.  
 For I'm impowred by Commission,  
 To force you from this lewd Condition.  
 Quoth *Shanco* (quaintly) Mr. *Justice*,  
 Upon our Strength, not you, our Trust is,  
 With Wit, or Weapon, choose you whether,  
 Or one, or both, or altogether;  
 We are resolv'd, and so have at ye,  
 If words won't do't, by *Jove* wee'l pat ye.  
 I am the Lasses Champion, then  
 Be safe, and get you back agen.

VVell



VWell said *Coke Shanco*, quoth *Tonsore*,  
 I'll second thee upon that score.  
 Awake, quoth *Hudibras*, thou Fox:  
 Hold, quoth *Sir Guill*, I hate these Knocks:  
 The People will be mollifi'd  
 If that the Lord be on our side.  
 Scarce had he spoke, er'e Stratagem  
 (By *Shanco* laid) surrounded them,  
 But by stout *Molindario* led,  
 Whose very looks did speak 'em dead.  
 VWhat mean you then, quoth *Hudibras*?  
 Fie on't, this 'tis to be an Ass,  
 And leave my instruments of danger  
 At six and sevens, Rack and Manger:  
 But *Tom*, (speaking to doughty Squire)  
 This is thy fault, or I'm a lyer.  
 Now Valour must be brought on knees  
 To Rascal Rout, and their *Pedeers*.  
 Down with that Maggot quoth the Boyes:  
 Children to School, and leave your noyse.  
 Quoth

Quoth *Justice* good, how comes it thus  
you hem us in, may'nt we untruss?

My little body can't contain,

Quoth *Hudibras*, my Spirit main,

I'll run the hazard: knock him down

Cries one, as soon as said 'tis done.

Sir *Gnill*, did shew his Teeth, but darst

Not bite, though he had Mastiffs nurst,

The ground was burthen'd with the Groanes

Of Knights, and Squires, these pitious ones;

And how to rid 'em thence was thought,

Coltstaves with quick dispatch were brought,

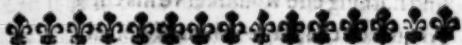
On which they hoysted were, and so

Convey'd to Town, who durst say no?

where they were met with mocks & laughter,

Their Horses, as rank Beasts, sent after.

The



## The second Canto.

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### Argument.

*The Knights retir'd their Case Condole,  
Big with Revenge as Mare with Fole,  
Consult the means, but can't agree,  
Part, and put up th' Indignity.  
Knights two, to wit Sir Hudibras,  
And Guill. leave Town and further pass,  
Their Squires attend; Encounters meet  
In Journeys-Road, Tc. clipped street.  
Where on the next day kept was Fair,  
Then doth ensue what happen'd there.*

**S**IR Hudibras (though fortune had  
Swich wry-mouth flouted him) grew mad,  
And

And nothing else would serve his turn  
 To quench the Rage in him did burn,  
 But a full Goblet of French Wine  
 Was dulcifi'd with Sugar fine;

VWhich having guzzell'd down Gullet,  
 He thought no speech, and then he spet,  
 The clear preserver of his wit,  
 For that, being Salt did season it.

Quoth he, I was a thirst indeed,  
 Now Brothers, pray do you proceed:  
 I'm sure you shar'd in blows and beating,  
 A Julip's good after a heating,  
 He wipes, and then he fulminates,  
 VWords that through Ear late penetrates,  
 Shall we, quoth he, sit down with loss,  
 And faintly go by weeping Cross?  
 Shall we with Patience take their frumps,  
 And Heads revengeless go for bumps?  
 Given by the hand of reaking Foe,  
 VWhat er'e you think, I think not so,

Shall

Shall Triumph revel in their smiles,  
 Our Courage pinion'd all the whiles?  
 Shall we besotted be with beating,  
 And bury Honour by retreating?  
 Honour that's not so cheaply bought  
 As Eggs that to your Markets brought.  
 But is the purchase of the daring,  
 That will not of their blood be sparing  
 Rally for shame then, let 'em know,  
 We scorn to flinch for knock or two,  
 And now ( good Omen ) I have got  
 My Pistols, that I then had not,  
 Which careless Squire did leave behind,  
 I would he had been beaten blind.  
 Quoth *Justice*, you want Charity,  
 Bro. Knight, Sir *Hud.* assuredly,  
 For true it is ( or else blame me )  
 When Men are blind they cannot see.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, is there no way  
 To put a period to this day

By

By Conquest ours? where art thou Pate?  
Or thus ---- or thus ---- no, now I have't:  
To th' Parliament with speed I'll send,  
Where I have got a special Friend.  
Hold, quoth Sir *Guill. Bro. Hudibras*,  
I have it here, and it shall pass;  
Bring Ink and Paper, I'll dispatch  
Letters to *Nantwich*, where my Match-  
Less Troop doth quarter; come they hither  
They'd tear these Rogues ears, though of lead  
Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis trick of Clown, (then  
To take one up before he's down;  
Yours is the work of half a year,  
And my design does lie but here  
A stones throw off, but twenty mile,  
And may be done while one does pile  
A load of Wood. I think not so,  
Quoth *Justice* then, though much I know.  
Yes upon Motion of my Friend,  
Quoth *Hudibras*, I know they'll send,

Either

Either a Company, or Troop,  
 Shall make these stubborn Rascals stoop,  
 But good Sir Bro. quoth Justice, Sir,  
 What will their coming here infer?  
 'Tis true, that after Beef comes Mustard,  
 When Belly's full, then Bring in Cullerd.  
 In plain, the Proverb's good I swear,  
 They'll come a day after the fair;  
 Or as (of yore) the learned Clerk it,  
 Will come at th' end of a bad Market;  
 At end of Feast I cannot say,  
 But after fray I justly may.  
 Then (under favour) Brother Knights,  
 Your Reasons are not in the rights,  
 You from *Nantwich* do draw design,  
 And you fetch yours beyond the Line,  
 For here, or there, 'tis call'd all one,  
 The line of Communication.  
 And the wise Parliament thought fit,  
 We should be Neighbors to their Wit.

D

Sir

Sir *Guill*, I cannot reach your sence,  
*Nantwich* is many miles from hence,  
 And yours I'm sure doth lye as far  
 As *Kingstone* is from *Westminster*,  
 You say they'l come, I ask you when?  
 You say to Morrow, And what then?  
 I do Respond, before they come  
 The foe is gone, each Wight's at home,  
 So that your Council is no more,  
 'Then feed being stoln, shut Stable-dore,  
 The Red-coats come, and simply see  
 A goodly Field, and long Pole-tree:  
 Perhaps they'l reake revenge on Wood,  
 But what will that do our Heads good?  
 That ake with blows, and our bones more,  
 Will that be salve for every Sore?  
 Did *Paracelsus* ever make  
 Plaisters of chips for Valours sake?  
 Or will (by sympathy) the blows  
 And hacks on Pole be felt by Foes?

Y ou



You may as well say, strike one Brother  
 Here, and at York 't shall lye on 't other;  
 I need not further wrack my Braine,  
 (And't may be little thank for paines)  
 To bring Comparisons, save this  
 Which was said of *Dugles*,  
 When he was told that one spoke ill  
 Of him behind his back, it will,  
 Quoth he, not hurt me if he do,  
 When I'm not present beat me too.  
 So to as little purpose were  
 These men thoughts on, should combat ahr,  
 And like the King of *France* his Men,  
 March up the Hill, and down agen.  
 More I could say, but let it rest,  
 The Birds at night will fly to Nest:  
 What that infers your selves may judge,  
 I have too long been *Reasons* Drudge.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, must we passe by  
 So grand an open Injury?

Render'd the scorn and sport of Clown;  
 And Table-talk for all the Town?  
 We that have seen Death in the Field,  
 And made the surly Fellow yield;  
 We that through dangers mouth have met  
 The Foe, and ner'e the worse for't yet,  
 I mean the common Enemy,  
 The bold and daring Cavalry,  
 We can't deny but the base Clubs  
 Of this rude Rout have given us Rubs,  
 Which will remain a day or two  
 On sides, in Colours black and blew,  
 And 'gainst our wills are forc't to wear him,  
 Those that did give him *Old Nick* tear him,  
 Can you, Sir *Jus.* so tamely take  
 This Cudgel-Combat, and not make  
 The very *Basis* of the Town  
 To tremble at your awful frown,  
 Is Justice lame as well as blind,  
 Cripp'l'd in power as well as Mind.

Can

Can you send Begger to the Stocks,  
 And have no punishment for knocks?  
 Knocks in a more Malign sence,  
 That will admit of no Pretence?  
 Were you Commissionated Harry,  
 Or are you Supernumerary,  
 To wit, one that may be employ'd  
 When others are with service cloy'd?  
 If you the thing it self assume,  
 On your own strength you may presume,  
 And by attractive vertue draw  
 Obedience to you, Brat oth' Law:  
 Pitchforks and Prongs will soon appear,  
 When that Sir Justice is in fear.  
 Oblige your Interest, Neighbours raise  
 My honour, then wee'l bear the Bayes:  
 And that you may not want a Man  
 Resolved, know I'll head the Van,  
 You and Sir Guilt. bring up the Rear,  
 I hope y're not ill placed there.

Sir Hud. and Bro. I must confess,  
 Not willingly I'de *Acquiesce*,  
 Quoth *Justice*, Sir, but as I search  
 At Reason, and her Intrails search,  
 I know there's no good to be done,  
 Either with Father, or with Son:  
 The Case is alter'd now, quoth *Playden*,  
 Which is asserted by each *Hayden*:  
 When danger did attend our Gates  
 We did not fear to venture Patres,  
 But now we have no Enemy,  
 Unless among our selves they be,  
 I pray, who do they then Impeach,  
 If you into the sense will reach?  
 They plead to have their Sports restor'd,  
 For which they had the Senates word,  
 And trusted to't as much, *Jack* saith,  
 As *Tom* did to the Publique Faith.  
 Now they instead of being protected  
 In their old Pastimes, are detected,  
 Disturb'd,

Disturb'd, molested, put in fear,  
 Which is a *Sessions* matter, hear  
 Me Brother Knights, 'tis *contra pacem*,  
*Terrorem* too, if you will trace 'em,  
 To wit, the *Cynicks* of the Law,  
 Who in this Case will finde a flaw  
 For Palm of fist, without good Friends,  
 Or money, which makes all amends.  
 But I digress; of this no more,  
 To what I should have said before  
 My purpose is; the promise, Root  
 To all their hopes laid under foot;  
 By whom? who did it violate?  
 One that's a Servant to the State,  
 Quoth *pro* and *con*; that's Justice I  
 My Conscience speaks it, which won't lye;  
 And so for service yours, unfought,  
 I'm into a *Primative* brought.  
 Excuse me Brother Knights, God knows  
 I'm well contented with my blows,

If you be so, for said my Sire,  
 The burnt Child ever dreads the fire,  
 And I was but an Assle, some hints  
 At first to have a finger in't.  
 Send *Mittimus*, then quoth Sir *Guill*,  
 As I would do, had I my will.  
 A *Mittimus*, quoth *Justice* then,  
 For what, wherefore, for whom, and when?  
*Exponere*. And who shall serve it?  
 Let such have beating that deserve it.  
 The Constable, nor Tything-man  
 Will do't, if they avoid it can:  
 Besides, did Justice er'e obtrude  
 A *Mittimus* on Multitude?  
 And your own Eyes have seen that I,  
 Who am above it they desie;  
 For all conclude, (or else they'r Fools)  
 The Workman's better then his tools,  
 In brief, (for Brevity's the best  
 To such will not here out the rest)

# of Hudibras.

41

I'm confident, and dare aver,  
Not one man on our side will stir,  
The remedy we have is this,  
Bought Wit is best; Nor is it miss  
Applied here, which bids be wary  
Of such who are *Whiquitary*.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, why Brother *Jus*.  
I wonder you should *Cackel* thus:  
Has the Hen trod you? Is your Comb  
Cut, and no Cock at dunghil-home?  
Prevaricate, turn Cat in Pan,  
Be lesse then Beast, yet seem a Man.  
Do you wear Beard, and want a Face  
To add a Credit to your Place?  
To' much, the Proverb now should hit  
In you, to have more hair then wit:  
The *Romans* shav'd themselves so clean,  
The face of Justice might be seen;  
But you obscure it with a Grove,  
Where Maggots Nest in Neighbour-love:

Or

Or like the Creeping Syrian King,  
 When he with Beasts went a Banquetting.  
 What strange Coherence doth bewitch  
 Your Worships Nose to Plow-mans breech?  
 I do request your learned Noddle,  
 Tell me what's that in Pan you coddle;  
 For Brains you have not (I suppose)  
 Unless they drop out of your Nose.  
 Are you a Magistrate *per se*,  
 Or *insufficientem te*!  
 To which oth' Nonnes do you incline?  
 Your Gender sure's not Masculine:  
 Rather the Doubtful, like long Mogs,  
 And scarce can stand on your own legs:  
 The Sword on Shoulder was mis-laid,  
 When kneel down *Gent.* rise *Knight* was said:  
 And he that made thee *Justice* daffier  
 Did spoil (Sir Reverence) a good Thrasher.  
 Nay, quoth Sir *Guill.* I promise you,  
 Bro. *Hud.* something he said was true,

And



And now for Council well may pass,  
 Though one would take him for an Ass,  
 Not to run farther into th' Briers,  
 Is all that his advice requires:  
 And truly, unless we were stronger,  
 I think't not safe to stay here longer.  
 Quoth then Sir Justice, 'tis all one  
 To me, to stay, or to be gone;  
 But I think packing is the best,  
 For beating this, is but Earnest  
 To after Payments that will follow,  
 When as the Rout triumphs; and hollow,  
 If you at good advice will rave,  
 Abuse your Friends when none you have;  
 Take Pepper in *Nastrello* when  
 You want a Box to put it in  
 Care not a Fleas-biting for  
 All your great din, pudder, and stir;  
 And as a wiser then you all  
 Did speak in house beyond the Hall,

If

If without cause you angry be,  
 Be pleas'd without a mends for me:  
 And since all words are held but wind,  
 Your Girdles buckle turn'd behind:  
 I'll not be bug beard at the word  
 Of Colonel Crump, or wife Sir Turd,  
 I've seen a Knight ere I saw you;  
 Quoth Hadibras, scarce one so true;  
 Mine's currant and of older stamp,  
 Then thine that is but lately vamped;  
 Mine will be lasting, thine decay,  
 The more's your shame, as I may say.  
 Quoth Justice then, for one may see  
 You're Cobler but in Heraldry;  
 And if I don't mistake my Note,  
 You basely have abas'd your Coat;  
 For he can be no Childe of Honour,  
 That shall for favours spurn at th' Donor.  
 As for my part (though mine were latter)  
 I shall stick still to the first matter,

will obedient be to Powers  
That are above me, not to yours;  
And in my Neighbours love will dy,  
I value not wherefore, nor why.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, to horse, a Curse  
Upon this Town, *Malignants* Nurse,  
And doth derive part of its name  
From whom (at first) Tyranny came.  
May darkness seize upon your dwellings;  
That have eclips'd my high Excellings;  
May all your Wives be leapt by Clowns;  
And your fine Bread be turn'd to Browns;  
May all your cattel dye oth' Rot,  
And not a piece be had for Pot,  
Or Spies; and may your Children mutter,  
When Kine want Milk, and they want Butter.  
Quoth *Justice* then, thou art no *Christian*,  
A *Turk* or *Jew*, or *Tribe* *Philistian*;  
Get to thy Crew, from hence for shame,  
Lest on thy back light all the blame;

So

So part they did with Anger eager  
As frowns on Brows, and Visage meager:  
The Squires were call'd from Tipling-Cell,  
Not dreaming of what had befall;  
Armed with Liquor Male they stride  
Their sturdy Steeds, and on they ride;  
Leaving Sir Justice out of Peace,  
Fretting, and melting in's own greace;  
And unto Town, famous for Hogs,  
Butchers, and their like, Mastiff-dogs;  
And for a Witch that once liv'd there,  
Not unlike Falstaffe in Shakespeare;  
But more for fight, when Londoners  
In Thames were dipt or e head and eare,  
And some Limbless in Carts were sent,  
As Presents unto Parliament,  
Which made a foul House, and no doubt  
Was ill Resented when smelt out;  
Thither they haste, but in their way,  
*Latet in anguis*; some rubs lay.

At distance mile from Town there stood  
 An *Amphitheatre* of Wood,  
 Back'd pretty strong, a Form or Bench,  
 Where sat Sir *Capon* and his Wench;  
 A Plank for Stage some five yards high,  
 (With Curtain most conveniently)  
 On which Sir *Hud.* whose eyes were walking  
 Perceiv'd a fellow gape, or talking,  
 Sometimes expanding arms, then clutch  
 His fists, or point to thumb, as much,  
 His head was in perpetual motion,  
 His eyes the same, to put off *lotion*,  
 And tongue he had more swift then Jack,  
 Which alwaies ran knick knack, knick knack  
 For through his teeth such jangling went,  
 As one would think his jawes were wrent:  
 Spectators many stood before,  
 To see the Knacks he had in store,  
 With *Algate* Mouths, *Saracens* Ear,  
 They gape to taste, as mad to hear.

On

At

On either side of *Theater*  
 Were plac'd two Tubs of sturdy Beer,  
 And Wenches that for Novelties,  
 Sold Ginger-bread, and Pudding-pies,  
 Which fodder was unto the Cartel,  
 As when Train-band do enter battel:  
 This made the Knights and Squires to pawse  
 A while, and sist into the cause:  
 What can this mean, quoth *Hindibras*  
 To Knight Sir *Gwill*. must we not pass?  
 Does Courage so adapt my blade,  
 That Multitudes do Ambuscade?  
 Day thou art fatal, yet bright Honour  
 Shall say I still will wait upon her;  
 Be bold, troop up, defie the Foe;  
 Hold, quoth Sir *Gwill*. I say not so;  
 Observe you not yon' man of Zeal,  
 A blest Tipe oth' Common-weal,  
 With held up hands, and devout eyes,  
 He doubtlesse is at Exercise,

His

His Faculties in labour are,  
 To feed the Soule even through the Ear,  
 A work of Grace he is a doing,  
 Then soberly let us be going,  
 Curb in the Reins of wicked Horse,  
 And pace like men that have remorse,  
 For ah, alack no blows controul  
 As words, that cudgel do the Soul,  
 For they, like to *Achillis* Speare,  
 Both wound and heal, or I'm not here.  
 So on they amble to the place,  
 Where *Monsieur* spake with a boon grace :  
 Begar we kill you all, an den  
 Presan make you alive agen ;  
 Wi dis me do all de gran Cure,  
 De Pock, de Scab, de Calenture ;  
 Me make de Man strong, pour de wench.  
 ( Then riseth *Capon* from the Bench )  
 Look you me now, do you no see  
 Dead yesterday, now live day be,

E

Four

Four boon, dey leap, dey dance, dey sing,  
May foy, an do de toder ring :  
Begar good Medicine do all dis.  
*Capon* makes legs, and wench doth kiss,  
Take hands, and throw their legs about,  
Then *Hudibras* disturbs the Rout :  
Quoth he, what do you come to see,  
A Pandor shew his Harlotry ?  
Then forth of Holster doth he take  
His fatal Engine, to awake,  
His long slept anger ; mongst 'em then  
( With Courage would serve twenty Men )  
He rusheth, makes the Rabble fly ;  
*Monsieur* doth quarter, quarter cry ;  
And *Capon* ( but for wenches *Teathers* )  
Had been hung up in his own Feathers :  
The Sutlers lay as they were dead,  
To see their Drink so murdered ;  
Hot Custard, piping Pudding-pie,  
On Gods cold Earth at distance lie ;



The Knights and Ladies sunder'd are,  
 In Ginger-bread united were :  
 But th'Squires did in Pocketto put  
 Some puding-pies, as good for Gut.  
 The Rout dispers'd, quoth *Hudibras*,  
 Brother Sir *Guil*, and Squires, the face  
 Of Fortune now is wheel'd about,  
 She doth assist the bold and stout :  
 I knew ere ev'ning did close in  
 We should be Conquerors, and win;  
 Perseverance doth make the Man  
 Inclind to War a Champion ;  
 Diffidence and distrust confound,  
 And bury Honour under ground :  
 To take one wound, and fear another,  
 Makes Man but Valours bastard-brother ;  
 In all brave fights with courage born,  
 Ev'nings prove better then the Morn :  
 In triumph Squires lead on to Town,  
 We have recover'd our Renown.



## The Third Cante.

### Argument.

*The Victors all their Prisoners carry  
 Through Town to Castle, and there carry,  
 Which Pilgrims us'd in times of yore  
 To call an Inn, and shew'd wherefore;  
 There they in Council sit, and do  
 Examine Quack, Capon too,  
 Nor doth the Wenchescape their reach,  
 They in her Coat do find a breach.  
 But in the Close (without controul)  
 The Prisoners passe on their Paroul.  
 Then new Adventures they do seek,  
 Amongst Butchers rude, and Puppies meek.  
 Unhappy*

UNhappy is the Wight that has  
To do with Mighty *Hudibras*,  
Whose Courage no rebating knows,  
For he drives on, and calls for blows,  
And like the daring *Sithian* Shepherd,  
Keeps sword from rust, till all are pepper'd,  
Or in the Sanguine Liquour stew'd  
Issuing from *Pagan* Multitude,  
Though Fortune on his side may frown  
At first, at last her Pride comes down,  
Which he takes up, and swells his Sails,  
With glorious *Nihils*, empty Gales:  
So have I known some Courtiers want  
Bread, more then ever did *Pesant*,  
Upon the turning of the wheel,  
Preferment made their Reason reel,  
And slight those from whom helps they had;  
Success, and Money make Men mad;  
Money that *Loyalty* out-braves,  
Keeps back the honest, brings in Knaves,

Puts fellows Principl<sup>l</sup> in Treason  
 In power and trust 'gainst sense and reason;  
 Replies to all things, Rhimes to *Honey*;  
 Ask what's a Clock! 'tis answer'd *Money*.  
 Go to 'm but to speak about,  
 Some business, streight the hand's held out,  
 Which signifies you must prepare,  
 Before your matter meet their Ear;  
 Like half-starv'd wretches (come to meat)  
 Do covet more then they can eat:  
 Or as the Proverb bids you mark,  
*The Priest forgets he ere was Clerk,*  
 So *Hudibras*, whose great Prowesse  
 Aims at the *more*, forgets the *less*,  
 Troops on with all his Captiv'd train  
 In state, much like to *Tamberlain*,  
 For he, his Conquest to compleat,  
 Chains *Monsieur Quack* like *Bagadat*,  
 And at Horse tayl he doth attend,  
 Like one made for no other end;

With

With head on side of neck, he goes,  
His Vessels leaking, Eyes and Nose,  
His Antick Motions are forgot,  
He moves as though he moved not ;  
Nor can you blame him thus to falter ,  
No Dog but would abonden halter ,  
And he well knew there was no trick  
In reading, or practice *Chymick*,  
After a hanging to cure Gullet,  
And set it right to swallow Pullet :  
*Capon* and his Damsel brought  
Up Rear, with sorrow fully fraught,  
His countenance betray'd him loth  
To be disht up amidst white Broth,  
And doubted much to have his Book,  
He knew he had a hanging look.  
The Damsel lookt like one neer dead,  
But comforted by Ginger-bread,  
And now and then with Pudding-pie,  
Tender'd by Squires (some Reason why)

For as Taylors preserve their Cabbage,  
 So Squires take care of Bag and Baggage.  
*Vesper* appear'd, and *Sol* was down,  
 VWhen *Hudibras* did enter Town:  
 Quoth he, Bro. *Gwill.* observe the Sun,  
 Envying the Glories we have won,  
 Is gone to bed, and in meer spight  
 Shaddows our *Trophies* with the Night;  
 But er'e he has a'ne Nap or two  
 VVe'l rouse him with Achievements new,  
 Bleeding like Herrings in their Gills,  
 And fresh too, or wee'l want our wills:  
 So over Lake, *Anglice* Kennel  
 (Which had a stronger scent then Fennel)  
 They unto Gate (beyond it) pass,  
 Famous (when shut) for being fast.  
 Quoth Knight to Squires, go one of you,  
 No matter which, you are but two,  
 And ask who keeps this Garrison,  
 I mean the house, but 'tis all one:  
 207

Your

Your words, quoth Squire, shall be obey'd  
Great *Hudibras*, (jst so he said)  
Before the turning of a Teaster,  
Or bare me of an Egg at *Easter*.  
Whoop, quoth the Squire, where are you ho?  
A Language he was verft into,  
For he had travell'd many a mile,  
And was not now to seek his stile.  
At last *Ostlero* did appear,  
Whose Nose did scent the Beasts were near:  
Quoth he, why bring you not down lights  
For Squires so good, and eke for Knights?  
Quoth Squire, first take in care our Horses,  
And then you may Rally your forces.  
With hand as useful as *Quacks* Sirrops,  
*Ostlero* streight takes hold on Stirrops,  
And leads the Palfryes to the Stable,  
Where he did do what he was able  
To beasts, for he and they were Kin,  
However they were now drawn in.

Mean

Mean while was *Chamberlano* call'd;  
He came, and ask'd for what they baw'd,  
For he was ready for all squabbles,  
Having been beat (it seems) at Tables.

Quoth *Hudibras*, where wert thou bred?  
Wilt thou not stand us now in sted?

Wearied with doing mighty things,  
Spent the whole day in Bickerings,  
These are the *Guordeons* of our toil,  
Our purchase and our lawful spoil.

Quoth then Sir *Gnill*. oh fie, good Brother,  
Let us like Christians love each other.

But every like is not the same,

Quoth *Hudibras* you are to blame,  
You will be twittering like the *Drill*,  
Yet insignificant be still.

Quoth he, these are meer Infidels.  
Begar you lye (quoth *Monsieur*) else,  
Softly to self as who should say,  
He would speak more were he away.

Quoth



Quoth *Hudibras*, shew up to room,  
For they shall soon receive their Doom,  
Quoth *Chamberlaine*, after banging  
I think them hardly worth the hanging;  
Yet I presume they may be try'd well,  
And sent to place ycliped *Bridewel*.  
Thou hitt'st it right, quoth *Hudibras*,  
And so they unto Chamber pass,  
The fairest in the place, you may  
Believe whatever others say;  
In length it was full fourteen Yards,  
In breadth some twelve, measure, *Richards*;  
The Floor, for Comers, strew'd with Rushes;  
Chimney set out with Boughs and Bushes;  
The Walls, in stead of Tapestry,  
Were hung about with History,  
As those of the *Prodigal Son*,  
And Judgment just of *Solomon*,  
In Capitals most fairly writ,  
To take the Eye, and help the Wit;  
Upon

Upon the Ceiling one might see  
Clouds of Mens names in Candlery,  
Who had been Patrons to the place,  
And penny spent in putting Case;  
In Window laid was Lavendare,  
Of which the Cushions smelt most rare,  
With pots of Flowers very pleasing  
To put a Man into a sneezing:  
In midst of Room a Table stood,  
Which certainly was made of Wood;  
The *Superfices* of it was  
A Carpet, which for green may pass  
T'avoid disputes, but to say true,  
It might as well be ta'ne for blue,  
Or any colour else, or none  
At all, howere<sup>t</sup> shall pass for one,  
Richly strip'd or'e with dregs of Ale,  
Which from o're charg'd Cups seldom fail,  
And here and there you might discry  
A breach made by the Enemy,

Who

Who from *Mundungoes* took its name,  
And wastes it self in smoak and flame,  
Whose ashes fatal are to Cloth,  
Linnen, or Woollen, all, or both:  
On each side Table placed were  
Stools joynted, and at end a Chair,  
Which was for Worshipful, so please,  
But all was for the Buttocks ease:  
And lights in Sticks some place did fill there,  
Some say were Tin, but bright as Silver:  
At end of Room a Bed did stand,  
Whose Posts were carv'd by cunning hand,  
Faces good store, but ne'r a Nose,  
And Legs too, without Feet or Toes,  
VVhich either came by some disaster,  
Or else he was not his Arts Master;  
And yet perhaps he did express  
The Art he had in ugliness;  
For to do things exactly ill  
Must needs shew (though not judgment) skill:  
About

About the Teaster of the Bed,  
And so on that they call the Head,  
Were painted Bats (like *Cherubs*) flying,  
To comfort Souls when they are dying:  
But rouse my *Muse*, y've been too long  
Upon the Bed, pursue your Song;  
For *Clio* (as some Authors ken)  
Doth sing the worthy Deeds of Men,  
So all this while it may be sed,  
We have been singing *Knights to bed*:  
Therefore no harm to Ears that have  
No mind to hear, nor those that crave.  
And now we come unto the Point,  
By this time Squires had truckt for Joint  
Of Mutton, or some wholesome food,  
Which they knew was for body good,  
And brought up word unto the Knights,  
Who bid withdraw awhile you Wights,  
Pointing to Prisoners who stood gaping,  
As Damsel did, who long'd for *Japing*,

A

A word the *Gipseys* much affect,  
And held by *These* in like respect;  
for they have travell'd North and South,  
With it, and Tenant is to mouth,  
Which though they throw out now, and then,  
They entertain with joy agen;  
But ere the Creature was brought up;  
Or that the Knights had ta'en a sup,  
On these main words, *put case*, and *whether*,  
The Knights condogg'd, knockt Jolls together,  
At last for private Reasons they  
Did think it fit the Wights should stay;  
For held it was a point of State,  
That Prisoners should on Table wait.  
After a hem, Sir *Hudibras*  
Bespake and said, alas, alas!  
Begar, quoth *Monsieur*, here be none,  
Me scorn your vards, me vill be gone.  
There's no such haste, then quoth Sir *Guild*,  
Our Enmity is not so ill

To

To have you lose part of the *Supper*,  
 And therefore stay : Marry come up here;  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, must you be treated,  
 VVhom we but lately have defeated ?  
 Begar (quoth *Quack*) vid all mine heart  
 Me take de *Supper* in good part ;  
 Me be no angry vid dat ;  
 Dough me be mad at me know vat.  
 Then *Chamberlaine Cloth* did lay,  
 VVhich had not seen *Sun* many a day,  
 And *Salt* sat down with little loss,  
 Its *Cell* was part of *Charing-Cross*.  
 In equipage most formidable  
 All things were fitted for the Table.  
 Then *Hudibras* bid all be bare,  
 Lend Ear to *Grace* (but none was there)  
 His eyes and hands did make dumb shows,  
 His tongue (too) and his very nose ;  
 But this *fume* did not last him long,  
 His stomach to the Meat was strong :

Quoth

Quoth he, give Trenchers to the Wretches,  
 Let them attend while *Colon* stretches.  
 Ma foy, me understand no dis,  
 Quoth *Quack*, trencher in hand a, pis—  
 Bougra Shack-dog, me serving Man!  
 Dat in de Pock have de Largent!  
 Oh have you so, youth *Hudibras*?  
 We'll see anon if it will pass:  
 Sit down, and let your servants eat  
 With Squires so good, we'll leave 'em meat.  
 Pour boon begar, 'tis all a mode,  
 Quoth *Quack*, pour men travel de Rode.  
 So they fall to't with teeth and knives,  
 And throw about 'em for their lives.  
 They little leisure had to prate,  
 And so avoided all debate:  
 To wit, had stomachs like to horse,  
 And had not time to finde discourse;  
 They did so pay shoulder a Mutton,  
 That morsel scarce was left there upon

F

For

For Squires and Charge, whose looks so meager  
Declar'd that they to eat were eager.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, Squires take away,  
Victual your Camps, but do not stay  
Long by't; and hear me, send up Pease,  
They will our appetites appease:  
Dispatch, for business great (you know)  
Effect we must ere sleep we do.  
So down go Squires, and into Room  
Where *Hogo* did from *Stable* come:  
They put *Capono* and his Wench  
Where neither stool was, nor yet bench,  
But forms a couple by good hap,  
And table too, (to take a snap)  
Some four foot high, and two yards long,  
With legs of wood supported strong:  
And therefore Authors say the word  
Implies (in very truth) a board.  
There us'd *Tapstero* and *Ostlero*  
To play at *Patt* for *Cans* of *Beer*, ho.

On



On board or table was set down  
 The burthen'd Dish with meatless bone;  
 And straight out of the Kitchen popt  
 A wench that had in dripping sopt:  
 'Tis true, her hands were not so white  
 As theirs that lie in gloves all night;  
 No matter though some speak 'em foul,  
 She was a good condition'd Soul,  
 And meerly in good will did bring  
 A clout, sh'ad newly been wringing.  
 After it serv'd had dish and pot,  
 And came from dresser reaking hot,  
 Oh fie (quoth she) are you without  
 A cloth? then down she dropt her clout,  
 And spreaded it to best advantage,  
 (In cloth sometimes there may be scantage)  
 And so they fell to picking bone,  
 Which was sought at by every one,  
 VVith many a Wink contrived slip,  
 And happy he could get a ship.

F 2

Onely

Only for Damsel carv'd was Knuckle;  
 And she as stoutly with't did buckle;  
 Quoth Squires, are there no Peafon left  
 For us, who are with hunger cleft?  
 Hunger you know is very *keen*,  
 Or (as some have it) *sharp*, which e'en  
 VVill break *stone walls* through; then what hath  
*Man* to defend him, who's but *lath*?  
 Quoth Squire, come bring us (and then drinks)  
*Onions* and *Cheese* to fill up *chinks*;  
 VVhich they chop down with far more ease  
 Than Dogs (in Summer) snap up Fleas.  
 I might say something of the becks,  
 The winkings, and their counter-checks,  
 Simprings, and treading on the toes,  
 Excuses (too) to pluck a Rose,  
 VVhich (for Squires sake) distressed Dam-  
 sel us'd to make, when loose i'th' Ham;  
 But I conceive they will advance  
 Matter enough for some *Romance*;

So

So I acquit my self the pains  
 That do attend those busie-brains  
 And unto *Hudibras*, who now  
 Summons his wits, and knits his brow,  
 Crosses the Proverb (like a Gull)  
 Grows angry when his Belly's full,  
 Stroaks up his forehead with a Grace,  
 And looks *bat-lining* in the face,  
 Mutters a word or two to self,  
 Then call's, where's *Chamberlain* that Elf?  
 To clear the board, or *Tapster*, he  
 May do the office if need be:  
 And so about the room he struts,  
 Like him that newly fill'd had *Guts*;  
 Or as 'tis said of *Crow* in *Gutter*,  
 His arms like wings about did flutter:  
 He rubs his *elbow*, then his *pate*,  
 Call up the *Squires*, (quoth he) 'tis late,  
 And bid 'em bring with them their *Charge*,  
 My word is a *Mandamus* large

Enough; all Consultations are  
 Ripest at Night, as th' *Romans* were;  
 The Mornings dew the Poets suck,  
 That makes 'em poor, (the worst luck)  
 Their friend *Aurora* doth inspire  
 Their Fancies but with early fire,  
 Not well grown up, a fainting light,  
 VVhen weighty matters require night,  
 And in the States-mans Cabines,  
 VVe therefore will in *Council* sit.  
 But here Sir *Hudibras* mistook,  
 And went a mile beside his Book,  
 For he that is a Poet right,  
 Doth court the Morn, and weds the Night;  
 And such as have the happy fate  
 To steer a *Stage*, can steer a *State*.  
 The Squires at *Call* obedient were,  
 And to their Arms did soon repair;  
 The Prisoners were conducted up,  
 After they'd ta'ne a lusty sup

Of knocking Ale, though liquor muddy,  
 It in their Cheeks rais'd colours ruddy.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, draw neerer you,  
 And you *Jack-daw* get to your Crew,  
 Speaking to *Quack*, Be me Shack-daw?  
 (Quoth he) you be Shack-nape, pishaw---  
 Me no care dis---begar me be  
 A Gentlehome in mine Country,  
 Me tell you dat, better den you,  
 Vat den? may foy me speak de true.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, thou sawcy Wight,  
 Compare how dar'st thou with Sir Knight?  
 Him, into whose more powerful hands  
 Confiscate are thy *Life* and lands,  
 As thou shalt see, soon after Tryal  
 Sentence shall pass without denial.  
 So he surveighs the Room, and where  
*Solomon* painted was *ser's* Chair,  
 And seats self in't; quoth he, before  
 We handle th' matter shut the dore,

And snuff the Candles, they burn dim;  
 The Squire with haste obeyed him.  
 Then *Hudibras* bid'em sit down  
 At Tables end, and mind their own,  
 Which was their *Armes*; then frown he threw  
 At Prisoners, might have made them spew  
 Their Suppers up; but when he saw  
 It had no power upon their Maw,  
 He finds another way, and blisters  
 Sir *Guillielmo's* Ears with whispers;  
 At fingers ends he pleads their Cases,  
 (The ancient way us'd by *Arbaces*;)   
 And as his head and fingers plaid,  
 Quoth *Capon*, sure he's of our Traid;  
 Mark, *Master*, if he can refrain  
 To shew in part *Legerdemain*;  
 I, now again; he do'it with ease,  
 And has more Roguish tricks then these;  
 Fear not, I warrant we are quit,  
 Hang him, he has a pestilent Wit.

Sudden

Sudden as Thunder (that soures Beer) ;  
As lowd too, he bids *Wretches* hear,  
For now his anger is grown hot,  
And a Fools bolt is soonest shot ; )  
Are you asham'd to shew your Faces ?  
Then to the brown *Cow* turn your Arses,  
(A Militia word much us'd  
In *Scotland*, though by some abus'd,  
And signifies to face about,  
True, we might here have left it out :)  
He riseth from his *Chair*, and straight  
Fills it again, to shew his State ;  
Supports his *whiskers* with fore-finger,  
Bites *thumb*, instead of candi'd *Ginger*,  
Which, if you dare to take my word,  
At that time *house* could not afford ;  
But *Don de Fogo* (by relation)  
Speaks it a sign of indignation,  
A menacement unto the Foe ;  
And it may well be taken so,

From

From hence the ancient Proverb comes,  
*The angry man will eat his Thumbs;*  
 But in another sense we find  
 The matter of a different kind.  
 As when o'er *Comard* one prevails,  
 He swears he'll make him eat his Nails:  
 Yet seriously consider'd, we  
 Find not the sense to disagree,  
 For nail to thumb's a noted friend,  
 And holds out to the very end,  
 So that if nail a sufferer be,  
 The thumb must share by sympathy;  
 So much for that, and now to him  
 Ycliped *Hudibras the Grim*,  
 And yet he'll smile, but then beware,  
 For sure it is against the hair;  
 Quoth he, 'tis fit we should take care  
 (*Imprimis*) to know what you are,  
 From whence you came, and what you do  
 In England, not a place for you:



We have no vagrant People here,  
 But what are punisht most severe;  
 And if you do transgress our Laws,  
 You are condemn'd for the same Cause.  
 Your *Lex* (quoth *Quack*) me no concern,  
 Wat's dat to dee ver me *yas* born,  
 Me be no esham'd of mi Countree,  
 Me be a Frenshman de *Parriss*;  
 'Tis no fourboon to use me dus,  
 Ven *England* be in League wid us.  
 That makes not for you a bare word,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, so thump't the board  
 VVith fist as hard, as who should say,  
 VVhat *mischief*'s this, would it were day;  
 For Arguments grew on apace,  
 And so did Night put Case to Case;  
 If theft or murder you commit,  
 Quoth he, pray, who shall pardon it?  
 Th' Offence done here; Good Mr. *Blas*,  
 Ter, must not the mercy come from us?

Begar

Begar (quoth *Quack*) me be no fush Man,  
 Me travell'd *Swed. Ital. and Dushland*,  
 Nay par ma foy all de Varld o're,  
 And me ner'e vas serv'd dus before.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, what made you to  
 About you call so base a Crew  
 Of Tag and Rag, lew'd hair-brain'd fellows,  
 Many of them deserving Gallows?  
 This will be found an insurrection,  
 To which the Law denys protection;  
 In time of Peace to raife a rude  
 And giddy-headed multitude,  
 To break the Peace! — No, no, begar.  
 (Quoth *Quack*) you break a de Peace vid Var,  
 You draw de Sword, and cock de Pistall,  
 Come down sa, sa, ven dey ver whist all;  
 Begar you break a de Peace me say.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, an Assle will bray,  
 And so dost thou; I tell thee, this  
 Crime is indictable, that 'ris.

Dita-

Ditable ! vat be dat ? quoth he,  
 Me no it understand, si, fi.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, what do we know  
 But you come here to stir up Foe ;  
 To set the needy *Cavaleers*  
 And us together by the Ears,  
 That Money have, which they do want,  
 And for't will fight like *Tarmagant*,  
 And so our Valours be upbraided,  
 And every Road be Ambuscaded ;  
 This we interpret may a Plot  
 To raise a new Warr, is it not,  
 Bro. *Gill*. ? Now he of speech was slow,  
 Because he would not his teeth show,  
 And to avoid the carping might  
 Upon his words and judgment light,  
 Which shew'd his wisdom, and intent,  
 By silence still to give consent ;  
 For the best way to shun dispute,  
 Is to say nothing, or be mute.

So

So on Sir *Hudibras* proceeds;  
 And aggravates *Quack*'s foule misdeeds,  
 So high, and with so strong a sence,  
 You'd wonder it should come from thence.  
 Begar (quoth *Quack*) you be de strange  
 Man in de Varl, your vit do range;  
 Me tell you one, two, tree, fore times,  
 Me be no born here in your Climes,  
 Me be de Frenchman, profess Physlick,  
 Me cure de Pock, de Cough, de Fisslick,  
 De Ish, de Gout, the Ash in bones,  
 And me begar can cut your Stones.  
 How's that? quoth wrathfull *Hudibras*,  
 That word shan't unrevenge'd pass:  
 A Purse (too) can you cut? quoth he,  
 And pick a Pocket if need be?  
 Or are employ'd by those that do,  
 To draw the main end up, the Crew?  
 Me no endure dis ring, nor dat,  
 Quoth *Quack*, come hedder, shew de Pat.

*Capon,*

Capon, vid hands of approbation  
From de College, pour tolleration,  
From Potentates, and mighty Princes,  
Dat in de Varld delike not since is.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, oh is it so,  
You kill, *Cum privilegio* ;  
Ensnar'd you are by this account,  
And Crimes on Crimes *super-amount*,  
For Murder, or the like, there is  
No help left for you saving this,  
Shew something sign'd by *Parliament*,  
Or *Oliver*, to that intent,  
And wee'l acquit you, give you o're,  
Else we proceed must as before :  
What say you for your self ? Dis be  
(Quoth *Quack*) may soy very pretty ;  
Vat do me need hands from sush tings,  
Ven me have got de hands of Kings ?  
Me never did seek after them.  
Your words (quoth *Hudibras*) condemn

Your

Your self ; but e're we sentence pass;  
 Come hither fellow with your Lads :  
 What Trade art thou ? (Quoth *Capon*) none,  
 I thank my Parents, I'm but one  
 Of thirteen that is left alive,  
 The rest *Grigg*. did of breath deprive.  
 'Tis fit thou make up Bakers dozen,  
 (Quoth *Hudibras*) not Hangman cozen.  
 And what are you, there, Mistress *Minks* ?  
 With Cheeks that look like drooping Pinks ?  
 What trade do you drive 'mong these fellows ?  
 Are you VVhore-ripe (too) for the Gallows ?  
 At which the Squires look't very sad,  
 Fearing her Case would prove but bad.  
 Quoth she, I must confess I am  
 (And't please your VVorship) what I am,  
 And have a long time follow'd this  
 French Doctor here for *Had-I-wifs*.  
 Art thou a Man, or art thou VVoman ?  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, for both are common.

Quoth

Quoth she, I'm of the weaker Sex,  
 And bless your Worship, *From Rex.*  
 What's that, quoth he, you murther'd last?  
 I doubt you are Male beneath the Waffe,  
 For as some Authors well have noted,  
 Youths have been sometimes pemicoared;  
 If so, there must be danger in't,  
 Statutes against it live in Print:  
 Search her, examine all the Hicks,  
 For I do hate those Players tricks.  
 Glad of the Office, Squires begin  
 To strip her to the very skin.  
 Quoth *Capon*, hold, to end the strife,  
 And't please you (Sir) she is my Wife,  
 A Woman right. Yes (Sir) quoth she,  
 Your Men know that as well as he.  
 She had a quick and piercing sight,  
 And found they Servants were to Knight.  
 Nay then (quoth *Hudibras*) if she  
 Be leasfull lawful Wife to thee,

G

Enquire

Enquire no further; Squires forbear,  
 And touch not the forbidden Ware,  
 Quoth she, I thank your love for that,  
 Your Men I knew would harm me not.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend, take her to thee,  
 And many a good turn may she do thee:  
 His Passion (now) left to be wild,  
 As sleep came on, so he grew mild,  
 He found the Night look monstrous grim,  
 And *Morpheus* had surprized him,  
 He gapes, and yawnes, and nods his head,  
 ( Summons that call *Mortals* to bed )  
 What is't a Clock (quoth he) d'ye think?  
 ( One would have thought he'ad been in drink )  
 Sure it draws neer to break of day,  
 And I have something more to say:  
 Oh Brother, that you could me help,  
 But you are better skill'd in *Kelp*  
 ( For which he was about to get  
 A Patent, but was chois'd of it: )

Since



Since then (quoth he) the Charge is mine,  
 To quicken Spirits fill some Wine;  
 And having ta'ne a glafs or two,  
 As *Cicero* did use to do,  
 When he in Council sat up late,  
 For benefit of *Roman State*;  
 He Temples rub'd to whet his Wits,  
 And gravely down again he fits:  
 Quoth he, your Crimes are great I know;  
 But we to anger (now) are slow;  
 Justice is pictur'd blind, and the  
 Reason is, 'cause she will not see,  
 And though some say she is *Impartial*,  
 'Tis found contrary in each *Marital*,  
 Or that she should not lend an Ear  
 To *this*, or *that*, for *love*, or *fear*.  
 Now that we fear you not, you know,  
 And love you can't, what Snake in Bo-  
 Some? for you are our Enemies,  
 Twixt these *Extremes* (then) your Case lyes;

So that a moderate way we must find out,  
 Find out, or you are all but lost;  
 And that must full of *Habour* be,  
 Or else we loose the *Glory* We  
 By *Conquest* won; and now I thinke,  
 (This 'tis to be so ready-witted)  
 By laws of *Armes* we are to give  
 Quarter to him desires to live;  
 What he is Master of is Ours,  
 Excepting life, all's in our Powers;  
 For such ner'e *Valour* understood,  
 That kills his Enemy in cool blood;  
 It Murder is conceiv'd by some,  
 Of which wee wash our hands, come, come;  
 Now one would think he call'd for Water,  
 But mark, I pray, what follow'd after;  
 We made you Prisoners by our Might,  
 And all you have is ours by right;  
 But as the truly generous Spirit  
 Minds nothing more then *Honours* merit,

So

So all the *Plunder* is but due,  
 We *gratis* do restore to you,  
 And as you are *parte per partem* of  
 But half *scold's things*, and therefore *scold*,  
 Wee'l grant you *say* our liberty,  
 As may with *Hawkey* best agree,  
 There's several ways, which are not strange,  
 Upon *Parol*, or in *Exchange* here,  
 Now Fortune was for *just* our Guide,  
 That all the *loss* was on your side,  
 And there the *Cafe* does differ much,  
 Prisoners you are, you have none such;  
 Others have left a *Guage* behind,  
 Till their return, which is to bind;  
 But wee'l *disce* it a neerer way,  
 For you to walk without more stay,  
 Y'ave plentifully fed on food,  
 And therefore 'tis but reason good,  
 Without more words, or farther beckoning,  
 You presently discharge the Reckoning,

Then cast your Caps up all, and cry,  
 Long live our Noble Enemy.  
 Begar me vill do no sush ring,  
 Quoth *Quack*, me say, *Viva de King*,  
 Of mine Countrey; I vat me to do  
 To make sush Preachment pour you?  
 Me no deny to pay mine share,  
 Pour mine self, and mine Servants dear,  
 And me vill pay no more begar,  
 Pour all you be de Man of Warr.  
 I tell you once again, y'are *dust*,  
 If you deny a thing so just,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*; if we once fly on,  
 You'l find what 'tis to wake a Lion;  
 Have we you treated more like Friends  
 Then Enemies, and'tis this the mends?  
 Squires to your Arms, seize all they have,  
 Only their dirty Vitals save:  
 Now *Hudibras* begins to rant,  
 Lo what it is for Man to want

Sleep;

Sleep ; Man but two eyes has in his head,  
Must they be ever opened ?  
What serves lids for, who (like Watch-cases)  
Should close eyes up safe in their places ?  
But when the brains boyl over pot,  
Then are the lids made fiery hot,  
And stiffe, they cannot shut the eyes,  
And there 'tis thought the reason lyes.  
The Squires the *Foe* do hunch and juggle,  
But 'twas in vain for *Quack* to bussle,  
His party was to weak : Quoth he,  
Me vill pay de reck'nen *jesvants pres* ;  
All, quoth the Squires, or none : Me vill  
Pay all, quoth he, but hold you still ;  
It be no boon fashon to pay,  
Me tink, till me do go away,  
Me do not at de reckonen grush,  
Dough me do tink it very mush,  
De Gentlehome, de Traveller,  
Pilhaw, do no such ring begar,

Dey stay in Inn perhanse two, tree.  
 Dayes, four boon, but pay no penny  
 Till dey do mount Ghivall, and den  
 Dey call mine Host take de Recknen,  
 Me now loge here dis night. *Alles,*  
 In de morning me cry ver be ye,  
 And discharge house vid all mine Soul,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, upon parole  
 Depart you may, that is to bed,  
 Be sure you keep to what y'ave said,  
 And e're your Journey, in the Morn  
 Bring me a Plaister for my Corn.  
 Wee, Wee, quoth *Quack*, me cure you all;  
 Be sis a Clock, or *Diablo* fall:  
 Which reach'd not *Hudibras* his Ears,  
 'Twas mutter'd as they went down stairs.  
 Quoth Squires, wee'l toss a Cup or two  
 (When Knights are safe in bed) with you.  
 Vid all mine heart, (quoth *Quack*) me'l stay  
 One, two, tree oures pour you ma soy.

The

The Knights hasten to bed apaces  
 And Squires their Armour do unbrace;  
 (Yclyped Doublets) *Of* call  
 To pull off Boots, clean 'em withall;  
 Then down in Bed, not Bed of Down,  
 But such as serv'd (when came to Town)  
*Tom Carrier*, Knights their Bodies lay,  
 And bid the Squires rake lights away,  
 Dispatch to bed, and special care  
 Take of *Portmantua* that was there;  
 For Truckling there was none in Room,  
 Unless on *Rushes* they would strome  
 (Which some call *stretch*) themselves, and so  
 Take key, shut door, and down they go  
 To seek a roosting place, and spend  
 Some time with *Damofel* their Friend,  
 And *Quack*, whose *Gibberish* pleas'd 'em much,  
*Capons* (too) for wit, none such,  
 With little search they find 'em out,  
 In a ground-Chamber, hung about

With

With Cobwebs of the finest thred,  
 Truckle there was, but he're a Bed,  
 A decent Matt there was indeed,  
 Of Sheets or Rugg they had no need,  
 Th' weather was insulting hot,  
 And Fleas would vex where they would not  
 Have 'em; and so to mend the matter  
 They drink about, and no words scatter.  
 At last (as if 'r had been allotted)  
 The Squires (twas said) were shrewdly potred,  
 And sleep they must, then down on Mat  
 They threw themselves, left Cloak and Hat;  
 But Subtle Quack; and's crafty Crew  
 Slept not, they'd something else to do.  
 By this time day began to peep,  
 And fellows heard cry, *Chimney sweep,*  
 Which serves as Clock to call up *Basi,*  
*Harry,* or *Will,* to mind Bus'nes,  
 Especially the Kitchen-maid,  
 To make fires that o're night she laid:



In the mean while *Quack* was not idle,  
(Cunning as Horse had bit oth' Bridle : )  
The Damsel (one that would be thriving )  
In the Squires Pockets fell to diving :  
Their Cloaks were packt up 'mongst the luggage,  
( Thus Men are serv'd when they are sluggish : )  
The Gates but newly open'd were,  
All things were hush'd, and Coast was clear,  
And so unseen they huddle out  
Into the Street, then wheel about:  
Some Minutes after folks 'gan rowze  
From Beds, and shew heads out of house,  
To be in readiness for Fair,  
Some to shew Tricks, some sell their Ware,  
And some to see, and some to buy,  
That in Purse had but a penny ;  
And now the Streets began to fill,  
While *Knights* and *Squires* lye dormant still,  
Regardless of their late mishap,  
Nor dreaming of an after-clap.

But

But as things strangely come to pass,  
 So happen'd it with *Hudibras*;  
 Right underneath his *Window*, there  
 Was plac'd a *Shew*, and *Trumpeter*,  
 Who to intice the People in,  
 Did make a most *Prodigious* din,  
 And as the knock on't is, another  
 Did answer him, whom he call'd Brother,  
 So that by *Repercussions* they  
 Were got a Note beyond *Elys*,  
 Eccho'd by others in the Fair,  
 As though they meant to rend the air,  
 This start'd *Hudibras*, who flew  
 (Like Lightning) out of Bed, and drew  
 (In shirt) his Whynniard, what are we  
 Betray'd? Rise Brother *Guill*, quoth he,  
 Hark, the whole Town is up in Arms;  
 On every side we have Alarms,  
 Let's dye like Men, and not be slain  
 In Bed, or like tame Pigeons ra'n

Out of our Roost, but dare the Foe;  
Take Horse, and boldly might I go.  
Quoth then Sir *Gull*, this cannot be  
Our late defeated Enemy,  
For they securely sleep in House,  
As sure as *Gourmets* do in lowe,  
It rather must be some old Plot  
Newly brook forth, say, is it not?  
Quoth *Hudibras*, it may be so,  
Get up, and we shall better know.  
Quoth then Sir *Gull*, this is a base,  
(And to our *side*) a cursed place;  
I love not fighting so neer th' Water,  
Doubting the *danger* may come after.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, tis but a *fox na*,  
It born t' be hang'd, you'l ne'r be drown'd;  
Besides, wee'l make our peace with these  
Prisoners we have; the Wench will please,  
That was well thought on, quoth Sir *Gull*,  
I will get up, & that I will.

woll

Where

Where are our Squires, they come not near :  
 Sure they are half struck *dead* with *fear*.  
 The *Chamberlain* is call'd, to call  
 The Squires, to bind the Prisoners all :  
 Unwillingly *they* rise from *Mass*,  
 And shake their heads like two drown'd Rats,  
 They miss the *Monfieur* and his Mates,  
 Their Cloaks and Hats too, scratch'd their Pates  
 For madness they should be serv'd so ;  
 ( But there's no truth in fawning Foe. )  
 After strict search th' Squires fell to weeping,  
 Must we then pay so dear for sleeping ?  
 Quoth they, th' worse luck : Oh thou *she Fiend*,  
 We thought *thou* wouldst have prov'd our *friend*,  
*Knights* call'd above (in *sums* no doubt)  
 To bring up *boats*, and be let out ;  
 The Squires in haste thrust hands in Pockets  
 ( Their Wits were quite out of the sockets )  
 To feel for Key, and misse their Money,  
 Their Watches (too) oh C— C—

How

How basely dost thou deal with Man?  
 ( But all the mischief that it can)  
 If ever we meet thee agen,  
 For this trick we will shew thee ten:  
 So up they went, in pitious plights,  
 And told all to their Masters, Knights.  
 How, how (in rage) quoth *Hudibras*,  
 Durst they depart without my Pals?  
 Or bringing Medicine for my Corn,  
 I'll make 'em rue they e're were born,  
 If I do find 'em 'mongst the Foe;  
 For forth I will, and forth I'll goe.  
 Ask *Chamberlain* if they have paid  
 The Reck'ning, of which I'm afraid:  
 No Sir, quoth they, they ne're thought on't,  
 Our Cloaks and Hats too marcht upon't,  
 (Money, nor Watches, durst not name,  
 They better should have watcht the same.)  
 How, robb'd, and cheated too (oh Gull!)  
 This 'tis to be so merciful,

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, can none discern  
 Where, and how strong's the Enemy?  
 Quoth Squire (one) here is kept a *Fair*,  
 To which all *Comers* welcome are,  
 No greater *Foe* assuredly,  
 Then *Hobby-horse*, and *Puppet-ry*.  
 The greatest *Foe* of all, and they  
 h all dearly for your losses pay,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*; among that Rout  
 The others sculke, wee'l find 'em out.  
 First, there is shewn the *deadly* sins,  
 Which with the *Box-keeper* begins;  
*Jane Shores* disgrace, and lamentation,  
 ( A *Concubine* not now in fashion. )  
 Then *David*, and *Uriah's* Wife,  
 And *Doctor Faustus* to the life;  
 With many trifles more, which do  
 Allude unto *Prophaneness* too;  
*Abomination* mongst 'em dwells,  
 Of which I mean to rid their *Cells*,

And clear the *Streets of Superstition*,  
And its *Idolatrous* condition.

Then *Knights* mount *Steeds*, and at a word  
(In one hand *Pistol*, t'other *Sword*)

The *Squires* on foot the *Horse* attend,  
(The readier to find out *false-friend*.)

They star'd about, folk thought 'em mad,  
(For neither *Cloak* nor *Hat* they had:)

As soon as they were got in *Street*,  
The *People* ran (as it was meet)

And at next door their *malice* lights,  
(Which lately had disturb'd the *Knights*.)

Quoth *Hudibras*, fall on, fall on,  
And spare not there a *Mother's Son*:

At which the *folk* forsook the *Sight*,  
And left the *Puppets* in sad *plight*;

Some lost a *Cloak*, and some a *Hat*,  
Which to the *Squires* came very par;

The *Box* with *Money* flew about,  
For which they were not grown so stout

An

H

As

As not to stoop; they thought on *Quack*;  
And then the *Pappets* went to wrack;  
They cut what er'e they hit upon,  
Down comes the *Tower of Babylon*.  
Quoth Fellow, Pox upon you, Sir,  
For spoiling *Nabuchadnezer*,  
His Nose was cut out ill before,  
But now you have abus'd it more,  
How think you after this disgrace  
Hee's able to look *Beast* in face?  
They mind him not, but out they bring,  
As Captive bound, *Babylons* King:  
And in their havock grow more bold,  
They pull down *Rag*, which *Story* told,  
And as a *Trophee* bear't before  
Sir *Hudibras*, and one Knight more,  
To wit, Sir *Gnill*. so on they trot,  
With all the Pillage they had got,  
Greedy of more, but were prevented  
By Butchers stout, that *Fair* frequented,

Who



Who seeing *Squires* a quoyle to keep,  
 And *Men* to run faster then *Sheep*,  
 Quoth they (to People) what d'ye fear?  
 There's neither *Bull* got loose, nor *Bear*,  
 And will you seem to make escape  
 From fencing fools, and *Jack-a-naps*  
 On horse-back? Clad in Coat of Plush?  
 Yet looks but like a *Sloe* on bush:  
 Keep, keep your ground, wee'l force 'em back,  
 Or may — *we never* Money lack.  
 Then out they *Snap*, and *Towser* call,  
 Two cunning Currs,, that would not bawl,  
 But sily fly at throat, or tail,  
 And in their Course would seldome fail:  
 The Burchers hoot, the Dogs fall on,  
 The Horses kick, and wince, anon,  
 Down comes spruce *Valour* to the ground,  
 And both Sir *Knights* laid in a swoond,  
 They like stout Horsemen kept the Saddle,  
 As long as ever they were able;

Who

But

But such as *Honour* forward pricks,  
Must now and then expect *Horie-tricks*.  
The *Squires* with grief ran hom to *Quarters*  
To hang themselves, had they found *Garters*;  
*Man* should not trust to *Fortune* more,  
Then to a *Sodomatick Whore*,  
Whose best of *Actions* are by night,  
So, as she's *blind*, she hates the *light*.  
This *Hudibras* (who not long since  
Did think himself a petty Prince)  
Does forely find, on *fides* and *guts*,  
(O! out upon such fickle *Slurs*.)  
So out oth' *Bowels* of *Compassion*,  
Knights were led home in an odd fashion,  
Where we will leave 'em for *Recovery*,  
And then set forth a new *Discovery*.

F T N I S.

## The Printer to the Reader.

**T**He Author having not time to attend the  
Presumptive Mistakes have happened (but  
not a very great) which is desired, shall  
either pass by, or amend with thy Pen.

Farewell.

